



ISABELLA,

WITH THE GINGHAM UMBRELLA.

Or the Barber's daughter of Weehawken, as sung by Tony Pastor.

On a Monday afternoon, in the latter part of June,
I got on board the ferry-boat for Wee-haw-ken ;
As my eyes I chanced to raise, a lady met my gaze,
She was crowded in the cabin, 'mongst a lot of men ;
In her hands she had a bouquet, and she wore a jockey-hat,
And she gave me such a look — oh ! how my heart went pit-a-pat !
Chorus : She'd a gingham umbrella,
Her name was Isabella,
And her father kept a barber's shop at Wee-haw-ken.

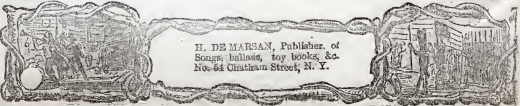
I rushed to her side, and I proffered my assistance .
Oh ! the smile she gave me, as I offered her a seat !
I sat down beside her, and, as she made no resistance,
We talked of the weather, the rain, and the heat ;
I asked her of her parents, I asked her her trade :
She was bossin' in a bonnet-shop, and sold them ready made.
Then she raised her umbrella,
Said : My name is Isabella,
And my father keeps a barber's shop at Wee-haw-ken.

Before we parted, she had all my affection ;
I inquired : Should I see her at some future day ?
She simpered and smiled, and said : She'd no objection.
As light as a fairy, she tripped it away.
So we were engaged in a regular way ;
My time passed as nappy as the flowers in May,
When I thought of Isabella,
And her gingham umbrella,
And her father's little barber's shop at Wee-haw-ken.

When you hear the sequel, you'll say it has no equal
In all the annals of woman's deceit ;
I went, one night, for to meet my Isabella,
But no Isabella was there to meet ;
I searched far and wide, till I happened to drop
In a lager-bier garden, where they had a sort of " hop. "
Oh ! there was Isabella,
With a ginger-whiskered fellow,
Doing " double shuffles " up at Wee-haw-ken.

I staggered with surprise, then exclaimed : Isabella !
Do I look like a fool ? Do you take me for a flat ?
She coolly replied : Well, I rather think I do ;
And if you don't like it, take it out of that.
I rushed at my rival, satisfaction to get,
But found that my troubles had not ended yet ;
For, up jumped Isabella,
With her gingham umbrella,
And let me have it on the nose at Wee-haw-ken.

I rushed from her presence, resolved upon slaughter ;
Thinks I : Now in the Hudson repose I will find.
Then, fully bent on Susacnde, I ran down to the water,
But my opinions altered, and I changed my mind ;
For, folly must be paid for, and wisdom bought—
There are fishes in the sea that have not been caught.
So, a fig for Isabella,
And her gingham umbrella,
And her father's little barber-shop at Wee-haw-ken.



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